

## Child of the underworld

Hell. A word which most mortals fear. A place where every deed they ever thought about was a reason for them to get there. A land filled with suffering in the mind of every person who every thought about it.

Unknown to many, if not all, the leader of hell isn't too fond of them either. Every sin ever done meant someone more going to his land. Which meant every day, thousands of sinners would appear. To his sadness, most mortals were simply too lost to their sins to even do something about it. Or so, he thought. His daughter believed in those said sinners, believed they could attempt redemption. The idea was... rather tempting, especially after Adam was now confined to their memories.

But how could he help his own daughter, when this cursed radio-demon was constantly near her ? Of course, he could try and ignore him, but that was almost impossible with all the comments on his own height or even role as a father. He suddenly clicked in his head. He would prove Alastor wrong for good. Maybe that would make him silent for once...

Maybe it would also cure his loneliness, and give him more time with his family. He closed his eyes and sighed, seeing again his lost wife and daughter, the first which had left him so many years ago, and his daughter now confined to the Hazbin Hotel. After all, sinners had to have someone to watch upon them. When he opened his eyes, he smiled, preparing to welcome a new individual in his personal life.

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You were simply going back home, after a long day. Tired, you dropped your keys before your door. You groaned and took them back, before opening the door. You entered without really looking, simply happy to be where you live. You closed the door before opening your eyes. And realizing you weren't home. You arrived in a weird room, bigger than probably all your rooms combined. The roof above you seemed mystical, showing stars on a dark night, and giving the room a rather calming atmosphere. You dropped your bag while turning around you, to notice furniture with pictures on them. Something felt off about them. You took one of them in your hand, and you noticed it was a picture of your family. However, if you tilted it slightly, it turned out to be different, showing other people. People you never met.

You saw something wardrobe, to notice clothing you never expected to see. Most of them were dark blue suits, with white shirts and a night blue bowtie. Near it, you saw a mirror, a bit taller than you. You noticed your reflection seemed blurry, at best. You recognized the clothes of your colors, part of your body, but nothing was really precise. You shook your head after contemplating such a place and decided to go out by the same way you arrived. You opened the door, and discovered a taller figure looking at you with a devilish smile. Wearing white and

red clothing, he took off his white hat, letting you see his blonde hair, cut short and slicked back in a ducktail.

“Oh my, you’re already here !” he said with a strangely happy voice.

You looked at him, confused. What did he mean by “Already here” ? Did he bring you in this strange place ?

“My dear, I’m sorry your room is still a bit messy and lacks some furniture, I really tried to bring the most comfortable for you.”

His smile showed much pride, and at the same time, his pointy teeth were quite scary to you. You asked him where you were, why you were here, if you could go back home...

“But you are home” he answered simply, a look of confusion on his face.

You looked at him, your heart beating more and more as fear engulfed you.

“My apologies, I didn’t even told you my name. And I’m trying to make you feel comfortable... The irony !”

He bowed slightly to you, before telling you his name.

“I am Lucifer Morningstar.”

You looked at him. He... It was the devil himself right before you! You fell, thinking about everything you ever did. What did you do wrong ? What had you done that was so horrible that you were now before him ? Your life flashed before your eyes.

“Calm yourself, there is nothing to be afraid of.” said the devil, strangely worrying about you.

As you listen to him, you start to slowly lose your fear, as he gives you his hand. You take it, and as you get up, you ask him what you did wrong, how you could redeem yourself. He smiled slightly.

“You did... nothing. I brought you here by myself. You didn’t die, and it’s not the “heavens” who did anything either. But like I said, there is nothing you need to worry about, my son.”

As he said those words, you felt your blood pumping faster and faster through your heart, as fear settles in again. You look at your hands tickling, as their skin turns to a pale color, as white as the snow. You see it crawling at your arms, and as the tickling sensation travels to your face, body and legs, you walk back from him, asking what he’s doing to you.

“I am simply helping you to live a better life here, son ! Now I need to think about a name for you... your human one is too... human !”

As he turns his back, mumbling about multiples names, you feel your body changing more and more. You grow a bit, to find yourself barely smaller than Lucifer. Your arms and hands become slimmer, as your chest and shoulder grow, becoming less and less human. Your legs are also a

part of your transformation, and you see them also becoming thinner as the tickling continues to change you. You suddenly fell down as your feet change to a complete new form, giving up on the human side, to give you what looked like hooves of a goat. You look at the mirror, where you can see your reflection. Your hair changes to take a lighter color, becoming the same blonde as your father.

Wait, your father ? You hold your head as your head pains you. Your father wasn't Lucifer, it was... It was... You noticed that every memory of your father has been replaced by one with Lucifer. You remember telling you about you, your mother and himself being thrown out of heavens as you were an infant, you remember moments passed with him, you remember his hatred towards Adam, which he relentlessly attacked.

Before all your memories fade away, you scream names. The names of your friends, your brother, sister, other family members... even the ones you hate. You try to pinch yourself, hoping it is a dream, as sadness take now the place of the fear you had a few moments ago. Yet, nothing happened, until you felt a soft hand on your head.

You look up, to see Luc... your father one knee before you. You ask him if this is just a dream, if you're going to wake up soon. He looks at you, with the same pride as before, but with love mixed to it.

"No, Noctem, this isn't a dream. This mortal life was the dream. This is the real life."

Noctem... The name resonated in your ears, as the name is written in your memory as your own. He passes a gentle hand in your hair, before hugging you. He then starts singing to you a soft song you remember hearing multiples times before. You stay immobilized in silence, as you lose yourself more and more. You remember your mother, Lilith, which you always admired when you were still a family. You remember your vow to find her again and bring your family together again. You remember the song she sang to you when you felt sad or angry, the one your father was now singing to you.

As the song continues, your family changes. You remember the birth of your little sister, the joy you expressed when she appeared in your life. As her big brother, you had tried to support her in her objective as much as possible, even if now, she looked like the big sister, but you couldn't be prouder of her. Old friends and foes left your mind, to turn to new ones, even if it consisted mostly of Charlie's friend. Like your father, you didn't like Alastor at all, but you had other things to consider worth your time.

As you remember your true life, the mortal dream you once lived disappears from your mind. You look at yourself in the mirror, seeing your red cheeks and devilish pointy teeth, the same as your father. You look at him, as he seems to start crying himself.

You ask your father what has happened, and he shakes his head.

"Nothing to worry about, I already took care of everything !"

An answer you were used to hear from him. You rolled your eyes before getting up. You noticed your clothes, and decided to wear your usual blue suit. As you are now dressed up, and ready to leave, you ask your father if he's willing to visit your sister. As he answers a simple yes, you both leave the manor of your father, smiling together.